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DRAMAtical Murder re:code - Morphine Route; Part 8 Translation

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After reading this part you can continue to Part 9 OR read Part 16 Bad Ending.

SUMMARY

Mizuki's Scrap scene.

When I notice what exactly is happening to me, it's already too late...

My vision becomes black.

Aoba

...

Without knowing what situation I have landed myself into, I slowly open my eyes.

I'm supposed to be in the corridor of the tower. Virus and Trip and Mizuki were there too...

But now, where I'm standing is...

Mizuki's shop.

Aoba

Could it be...

This place is...

Inside Mizuki's head?

I'm sure I Scrapped him. To destroy Mizuki.

But, I never thought I'd enter his head.

That means...

Can it be that he'd dragged me in?

Or did I want to be dragged into Mizuki's conscious?

Aoba

...tch. How much more persistent could he be towards me?

I click my tongue on the unexpected turn of events, then look around again.

It's definitely Mizuki's shop but, this place is...

The same place as the last time when I Scrapped Mizuki.

There are no faces around, just mouths scattering around the shop.

Voice

Eh-, Rib is lame.

Voice

As expected, Rhyme is far more interesting, right?

Voice

Everyone is playing after all!

Voice

Yeah, yeah, it's about time for us to get tired over Rib.

As before, I can hear all the conversations in the shop.

It's my second time here so I'm not at all surprised but it's still noisy, it's unbearable.

Like the last time, Mizuki should be here, somewhere.

As I wonder, everyone's attention focuses on me all of a sudden.

Aoba

....?!

Scrap Scene

Note: Choose all the good-sounding bubbles for good ending. Be careful because choosing just one wrong bubble will end up in a bad ending. Sometimes it's easy to choose because the bubbles will be separated into two colours (black and white; black is the toxic speeches, white is the supportive ones), but if it comes to times when there's only all-white or all-black, you have to depend on hearing the tone of the voices.

...What's all these about?

Without given the time to take a breathe, my vision starts to waver.

My eyes are painted in statics that look like nothing but noise from a television screen.

In the end, the statics bury the entire of my vision.

Everything turns black all of a sudden, and the next thing I see...

A child?

A child sits in the corner of the room, hugging his knees as he shivers.

He looks like he's still in elementary school. He looks dark, wearing a half-sleeve shirt and short pants, his limbs covered with scars.

His eyebrows knit together as he bites on his lip. I stare at his side profile, being reminded of someone.

...Mizuki?

What's with him? He looks like Mizuki...

...No, he doesn't look like him.
He's him.

This is the inside of Mizuki's head.
I am probably...

...looking at Mizuki's past.

The scene changes, now showing an alley in the Old Resident District.

There, Mizuki is fighting with 3 to 4 people all in one time.

Mizuki
...ugh... !

Mizuki looks like he's around 13 or 14 of age. He still has that young look on his face, gritting his teeth as he beats on others.

Mizuki
...ugh.

He's surrounded by a few people, there's no way he's not hurt.



Even so, his attacks are quick, and not before long, he defeats all of his opponents.

Mizuki
...

He sounds out of breath, wiping the blood off his face with his finger. His eyes vibrate of determination, unwilling to let himself fall.

He's the Mizuki way before I met him.

The scene changes again, then, the Mizuki I'm more familiar with appears, his back crouches as he sits. We are now in a different alley than before.

This place is... there's no tags on the wall but it seems to be Dry Juice's base.

Mizuki is happily talking with a few people. There's only less than 10 people there.

But, different from the visuals earlier, Mizuki is bearing a casual, calm face instead.

Mizuki
... I was abandoned since I was a kid.

With that abrupt voice, I turn around, Mizuki stands behind me.

He's wearing the black parka but both his expression and his voice belong to the Mizuki before he joined Morphine.

Mizuki stares at his feet, continuing his words.

Mizuki

I don't remember my parents' faces at all, they abandoned me in front of the hospital and left me.

Mizuki

Then... should i say that I was in luck or something, the couple who'd applied to adopt me are very nice parents. They're gentle, they're good people.

Mizuki

But I'm always bullied in school. My skin tone is different, and besides, rumours about one's family always spread very fast, no?

Mizuki

They always told me - that I was abandoned by my parents, that I'm a child who knows nothing of his parents.

Mizuki

Of course, I defended myself and countered them when they bullied me. Thanks to that, I was treated as a problematic child by the school, and eventually, I stopped going to school.

Mizuki

Even so I still have a place I can return to, a place I could call my home, so it didn't matter to me. ...But.

Mizuki

As I thought, the frustration still remains somewhere in my heart. The fury, remorse, and also.

Mizuki

I always wondered why was I abandoned, and who were my real parents?

Mizuki

I thought of searching for my parents but I had no clue of where should I start. And then, I started to fight a lot outside.

Mizuki

Now that I think about it, perhaps I was using fighting to get rid of the

frustration of not knowing who I really am. Then, Rib started to become a trend.

Mizuki

At first I only played to get rid of my boredom, then before I knew it, it became more and more fun.

Mizuki

After a game ends, it doesn't matter if we win or lose, the point is that we are all having fun.

Mizuki

Besides, people who play Rib have almost the same experience, no? They are mostly people who don't have a home to return to.

Mizuki

After that, I start to form a team with people with the same experiences, we talk to each other about different kinds of things...

Mizuki

Before I know it, Rib becomes an important existence to me.

Mizuki

I... probably desire a family, I suppose? It's great if we're bonded by blood but that's not something I could ever ask for...

Mizuki

At the very least, I want to create a team which everyone can refer it to as their family.

Mizuki

I really want to cherish the bonds I've made with others. ... Aoba, you're the same.

Mizuki

At first, you were really dismissive, you didn't bother about anything at all, somehow... it has come to a point where it's hard for me to leave you alone.

Mizuki

That's why I called out to you, but it's more like I'm forcing myself on you, though.

Mizuki

Like me... no, you seem like you're shouldering something far heavier than I do, you look as if you could break down anytime.

Mizuki

After I hung around you for a while, you started to answer my questions...

Mizuki

Once we've become closer, I came to notice how compatible we are. I was really grateful that I didn't give up on you.

Mizuki

You didn't want to but i really wanted you to join my team. Even when you said I'm way too persistent, but I was never joking when I asked you that question.

Mizuki

If you join my team, I thought perhaps it'd make Rib even more fun than it was.

Mizuki

That's why... Aoba. I really cherish you a lot.

Mizuki

It's nothing like me setting eyes on your power. I feel that, if you join my team, then I'd feel more relieved.

Mizuki

Aoba...

..... shut up.

Shut up, shut up, shut up.

I listen to him without saying anything, but everything he said was nothing but boring things.

Mizuki

Aoba.

Shut up, don't talk to me.

This kind of world...

I'm going to destroy it.

Mizuki

...Aoba.

Shut up, shut up, don't speak anymore.

You...

Aoba

... I'll destroy you!!

(□□□□□□□□ DRAMAtical Murder re:code [□□□□□□□□□□ □□□□] □□□□)